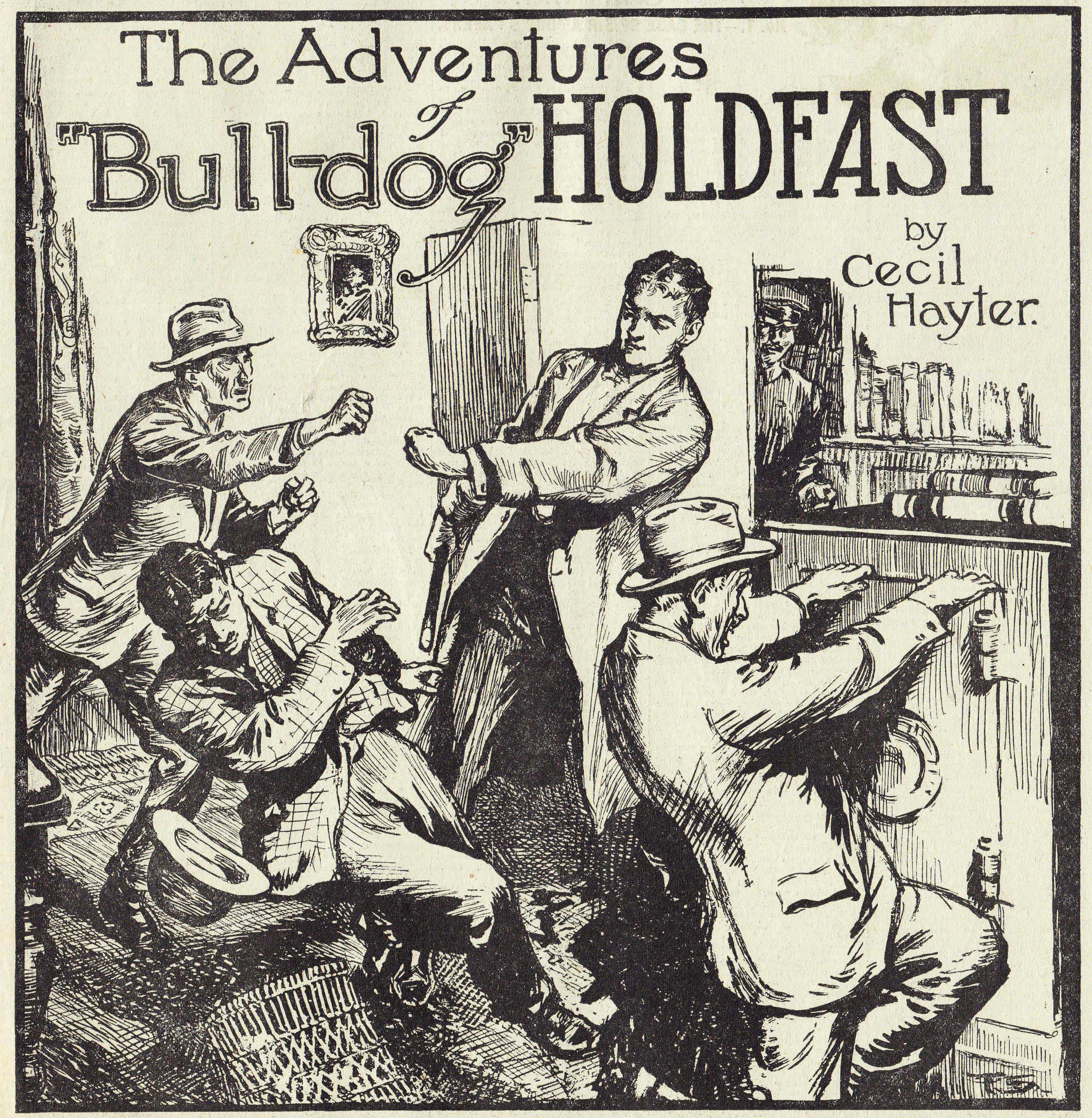
"Fighting Jack Cresley!" by GILBERT L. JESSOP—IN THIS ISSUE!

# TWELVE PAGES! TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR!

No. 1,050. Vol. XXII. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending July 23rd, 1921.



"HOLDFAST BITES! Holdfast had noticed that the safe door stood wide open, and as the German gripped the door he swung it to, keeping the man a prisoner. The next man made a vicious rush at him, but "Bulldog" caught him neatly under the jaw with his powerful left, tripping him at the same time. Holdfast then turned to his third assailant and prepared to deal with him in the same way. He was fairly confident that he was able to do this. But had he known of the presence of a fourth man, the chauffeur, behind him he would not have been quite so sure of victory.

"I understand that your friend

"No friend of mine," answered

Tommy. "My pater knows his pater,

so he's written to me to look after

the kid. That's all. I'm meeting

"Weren't you down to play

"I'm havin' the car out this after-

noon for a little run," explained

Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency. "It

occurred to me that if you'd rather

play cricket, I'd pick up young Goby

at the station, an' run him along to

Peele and Gower exchanged a wink.

"What's his train?" asked Mont-

"He changes at Latcham, and

"Well, I'll save you the trouble, if

you, Montmorency-" Tommy

Dodd broke off. Montmorency of the

catches the local here, three-fifteen at

Coombe," said Tommy Dodd hesi-

Jimmy Silver & Co. stared at the

landscape with elaborate unconscious-

"Oh!" said Tommy Dodd.

Goby is comin' this afternoon, Dodd,"

he said in his drawling tones.

him at the station certainly."

Bagshot?"

morency.

you like."

Tommy nodded.

Rookwood in the car."

tatingly. "But-"

were openly chuckling.

# A Splendid Long Complete Rookwood School Story by Owen Conquest.



The 1st Chapter. The Sword of Damocles!

"Bother!" growled Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth Form at Rookwood.

"Hard cheese!" agreed Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy Silver, being the great chief of the Classical juniors at Rookwood, did not always agree with Tommy Dodd, the leader of the Moderns.

But on this especial occasion he did agree heartily that it was hard cheese. Undoubtedly it was!

For cricket was on that afternoon, and Tommy Dodd was keen on cricket. And, instead of trotting down to Little Side with the other cricketers, Tommy Dodd had to repair to the railway-station at Coombe, and there meet and greet a new boy whom he had never seen before, and did not want to see now, and was eager never to see in the future.

"Just my luck for the young jackanapes to drop in this afternoon when we're playing!" said Tommy Dodd, in a deeply aggrieved tone. "Why couldn't he be sent last night or tomorrow morning?"

"Echo answers "Why?" said

Arthur Edward Lovell.

"In fact, what the thump is he coming at all for?" grunted Tommy Dodd. "Just because my pater knows his pater I've got to be loaded with a new kid to look after—a sort of a giddy Old-Man-of-the-Sea to carry around. I want to do as the pater asks, of course, but young Goby's people might have sent him some other day, instead of this. really think they might have!" Jimmy Silver smiled.

"Perhaps Sir Gilbert Goby didn't know we had a cricket match on this afternoon!" he remarked.

"It's just possible," said Raby. "Just!" grinned Newcome. Tommy Dodd snorted. He was in

no mood for humorous observations from the Classical four.

"The Head would have sent Mack to rope him in," said Tommy, "Or any fellow might have gone. But the pater is very particular about my takin' the new duffer under my wing, so I've got to cut the cricket. I only hope you fellows will be able to handle the Bagshot Bounders."

"Well," said Arthur Edward Lovell, with a thoughtful air, "I rather considered all along that Jimmy had put too many Moderns in the team---"

"Ass!" said Tommy Dodd politely. "Well, it can't be helped," said Jimmy Silver. "I'm sorry you can't play, Doddy; but if your father wants you to pick up young Goby and carry him in, there's no help for it. Anyhow you'll be the first to see himand he's the centre of no end of excitement."

"Blessed if I want to see him!" growled Tommy Dodd. "I've been asked questions about him a hundred times since it came out that I knew ! he was coming to Rookwood. I'm fed up with the mention of his name!"

"He's the only one that hasn't!"

"I fancy he's more concerned than the rest, all the same!" chuckled Arthur Edward. "That is, if it's the

same Goby-and I think it must be." Peele and Gower of the Classical Fourth came across the quad towards the beeches where Jimmy Silver & Co. were chatting with the aggrieved Tommy Dodd. Peele and Gower were smiling cheerily, as if they were in possession of some good joke.

"Young Goby's due this afternoon, I hear, Doddy!" remarked Peele.

"Yes!" grunted Tommy. "Goin' to meet him at the station?"

"Good!" said Gower. "We'll be

Tommy Dodd stared at them. "What the thump do you want to be there for?" he demanded. "You don't know young Goby." Peele chuckled.

"We want to!" he explained. "We're anxious to see him-awfully anxious. We want to ask him about Montmorency."

"Oh, rot!" snapped Tommy Dodd. "Can't you two fellows mind your own business?" inquired Jimmy

"We could, but we won't!" said Peele cheerily. "Montmorency's put on too many airs for us to let him down lightly. He turns up his nose at our study. I fancy his nose is goin' to be brought down a bit soon. Accordin' to the yarn that's been goin' round Rookwood, Montmorency's real name is Huggins, and he was a servant at Goby Hall--"

Jimmy Silver did not answer. He had caught sight of the elegant figure of Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency crossing the quad towards the spot. Cecil Cuthbert looked his usual calm, impassive self. His looks were as lofty as ever, and his manner, as usual, indicated that he did not consider the common earth quite good enough for him to walk on.

If Montmorency of the Fourth was an upstart and an impostor, certainly he had ample nerve to play his part.

For exposure was very near at hand now.

If Montmorency had been a pageboy at Goby Hall, in the name of Huggins, it was quite certain that he would be recognised by the son of Sir Gilbert Goby, his old master.

The coming of young Goby to Rookwood was a crushing blow to him, and it would scatter to the winds the fortification of lying and pretence that the upstart had built round himself.

Yet there was no sign in his calm, aristocratic face to indicate any inward uneasiness.

"We're jolly well going to nail young Goby at once, and bring him face to face with Montmorency-" said Peele.

"Huggins, you mean!" said Gower. "Dry up!" muttered Lovell. "Here he comes!"

Peele and Gower turned quickly. Montmorency came up, with a faint colour in his cheeks. Certainly he to get at young Goby an' muzzle him had heard the last sentences uttered | before we've seen him, Monty." by Peele and Gower. But he took | Montmorency shrugged "Has Montmorency asked you no notice of the cads of the Fourth. I shoulders contemptuously, and turned about him?" inquired Arthur Edward | He addressed himself to Tommy Lovell, with a grin. Dodd, who regarded him rather Tommy Dodd looked at his watch. for Coombe. And that was his object. curiously.

suppose they'll finish up an innings "Bow-wow!" answered the Fistical I Four cheerily.

Side for the match, with the exception of Tommy Dodd, who walked He jumped out of the car and ran down to Coombe in a far from con- into the station. eager to see him as soon as possible. I then. Certainly no new boy's arrival had ever caused so much interest and excitement at Rookwood before.

### The 2nd Chapter. The Last Throw!

"Latcham Junction, as hard as you can go!"

snapped out that instruction to the whose eyes had fallen on the handliveried chauffeur, as he stepped into | some junior from the window. the handsome Rolls-Royce.

"Yes, sir." road, gathering speed.

on the soft cushions, with a black and | garments, however. Sir Gilbert gloomy expression on his handsome

The lofty superiority, the superciliousness that had made him so many enemies at Rookwood, was gone from his looks now.

He was a prey to a deep and gnawing anxiety, and, alone in the car, he allowed his feelings to show in his

He was very near the end of his tether, and he realised it very clearly. His nutty chums, Townsend and Topham, had seen the car arrive that afternoon, and they had taken it for "Hem! It's awfully obliging of granted that they were going for a run with their dear Monty. But Monty had rebuffed them quite Fourth was far from being obliging, gruffly. That afternoon, at least, he as a rule. And the most unsuspicious | did not want the company of the nuts | fellow could not help suspecting that of Rookwood, and he had left Towny | door, his lips quivering. But he rehe had an "axe to grind" on the and Toppy feeling rather sore.

present occasion. Peele and Gower | But Montmorency had more im- | "I-I came here to see you," he portant matters to think about than said.

dolorously. "It's rotten! Mind you | car sped onwards at a breathless fellows don't let Bagshot lick you. I speed.

Latcham at last!

The Rolls-Royce drew up outside the station, and Montmorency looked at his expensive gold watch.

Jimmy Silver & Co. strolled away | The journey had been done in to the cricket-ground. Bagshot were | record time, and he was ahead of the nearly due now. The Rookwood train. There were three minutes junior cricketers gathered on Little | before the "local" pulled out for Coombe.

tented mood. He did not go alone. More than one glance was thrown Peele and Gower followed him. And at the handsome, well-dressed Rookafter them came Tubby Muffin and | wood fellow as he hurried to the local Leggett and Jones minor and Flynn | platform. More than one glance was and Higgs, and several other juniors, envious. But Cecil Cuthbert Montall interested in young Goby, and all I morency was little to be envied just

> The Coombe train was in, and passengers were coming over the bridge from the other platform.

Montmorency looked about him

He walked along the train to ascertain whether any passengers were already in it.

"Good gad!" It was a sudden exclamation from a Cuthbert Montmorency! boy seated in a first-class carriage,

He was a rather plump youth. with a ruddy and good-humoured The car glided away down the face, and light blue eyes. He was dressed in Etons, not nearly so nobby Montmorency threw himself back and expensive as Cecil Cuthbert's Goby, of Goby Hall, did not possess anything like the financial resources of Mr. Montmorency, of Montmorency Court, once Mr. Huggins, of

the Goby Arms. Montmorency stopped at the carriage, and opened the door.

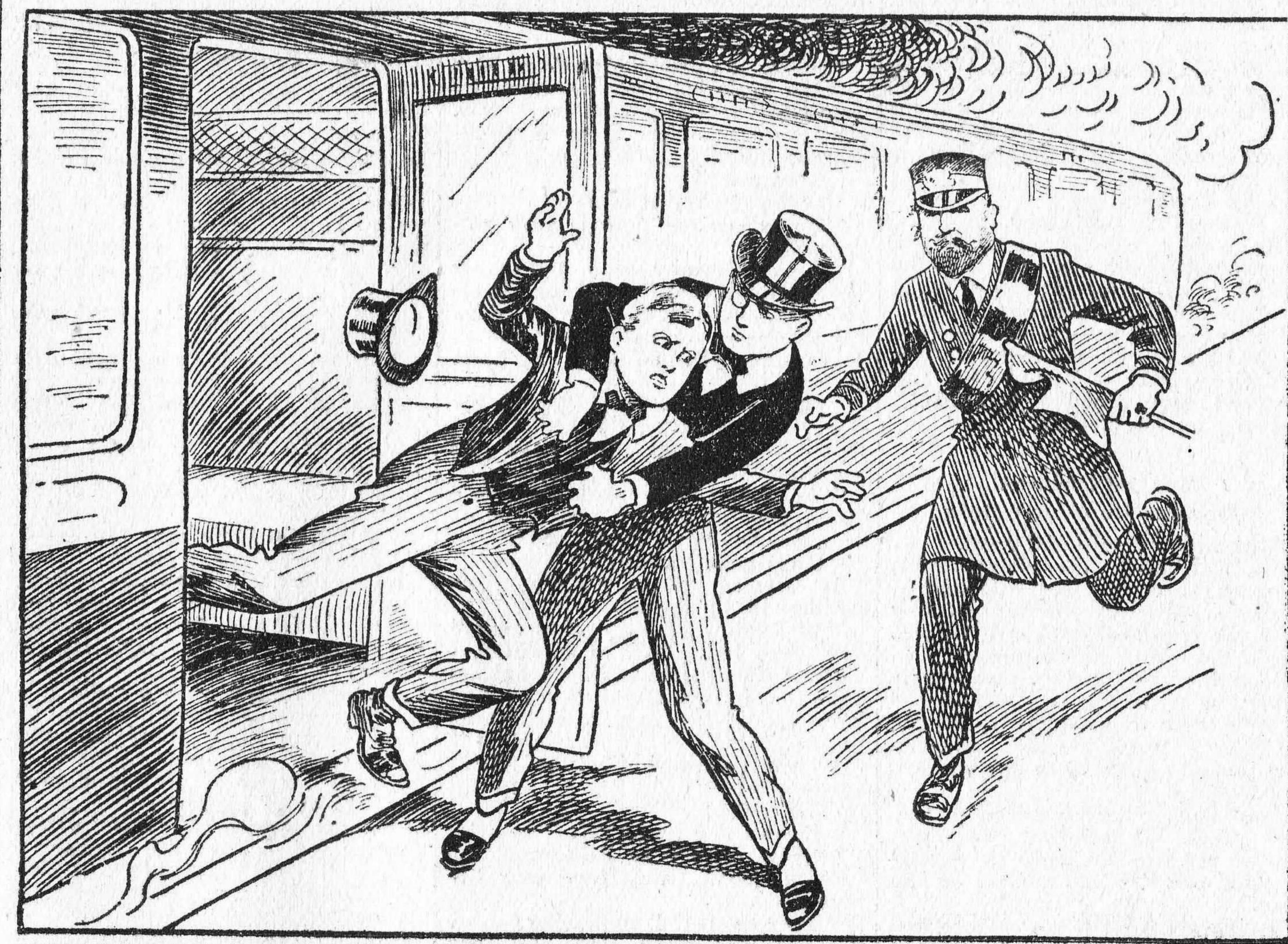
The plump youth blinked at him. "Hallo, George!" he said.

His manner was quite kind and civil: but it was not the manner with which one Rookwood fellow would greet another.

It was the manner of a polite lad to one of his father's servants. Montmorency turned quite pale.

That greeting, kind as it was, cut him like a whip-lash.

For a moment the uphappy upstart trembled, his hand on the carriage covered himself quickly.



Montmorency was determined not to let the junior escape and arrive in Coombe in time to be questioned about the dandy's past life. The only way was forcibly to delay him on his journey to Rookwood, and to this end he grabbed him unceremoniously and dragged him from the compartment!

morency. "Is it a go? You can give Toppy. me a message for the kid. The car's outside now."

"Hem! Awfully obliged, but I'm bound to go and meet him," said moment he could contrive to keep it Tommy Dodd. "The pater's made a particular point of it, or I should have fixed it up with another fellow already."

"And we're goin', anyhow!" chimed in Peele. "You're not goin'

"About time I got off," he said

"No trouble at all," said Mont-, the wounded feelings of Towny and

His edifice of lies was about to crash down about him, unless by some desperate device at the last

standing. He glanced at his expensive gold watch, knitted his brows, and signalled to the chauffeur:

"Faster!" The car rushed on, although it was ! already dangerously exceeding the speed limit.

There was no time to waste if Montmorency was to reach Latcham

before young Goby changed trains | He remembered that he had ejacu-His thoughts were busy as the big

"That's kind of you, George," said young Goby, evidently somewhat surprised, however. "Are you living in Latcham, then?"

"N-no." "I hope you've got a good place."

Montmorency bit his lip hard. "There's been a change-" he muttered thickly.

Goby nodded. "I remember now. I heard something about that," he said. "I con-

gratulate you, George." "You-you were surprised when you saw me--"

Goby coloured a little.

"Good gad!" in astonished (Continued overleaf.)

# SIELE WUNT

Published

Every Monday

tones at the sight of George Huggins ! in Etons and a silk hat.

"Excuse me, kid!" he said. "Perhaps I was surprised. I didn't for the next train." mean---"

"It's all right," said Montmorency. it while we're going to Coombe," said | pater say if he knew? I'm sorry," |

"I've got a car outside," muttered me to say it."

Montmorency. "Really?"

Goby hesitated.

Evidently he wanted to be kind to down beside him. a lad who had once been in his father's employ. But he hesitated to! "You can speak as much as you accept such an invitation from the like. I've got hours to wait for the one-time "buttons" of Goby Hall.

"I-I've got somethin' I want to "It's important-very important! | Montmorency. Please--'

"Stand back, there!"

It was the guard's voice. "Come, will you?" panted Mont-

morency. "I-I can't!" said Goby. "I've got to get on to Rookwood. I'm expected-"

"I'll run you across in the car." Goby shook his head.

"I'm sorry, George. I really can't! You can hop into the carriage if you like."

"That won't do. Please come!" "I can't!"

"Stand back!" roared the guard. He rushed along to close the carriage door.

Montmorency clicked his teeth. He was desperate now.

As Goby sank back into his seat, Montmorency suddenly grasped him by the shoulders with both hands. Taken completely by surprise, Goby was whirled out of the carriage and upon the platform before he could realise what was happening.

He plumped down with a grunt.

Slam! The guard slammed the door. "Here, hold on!" roared Goby, sitting up dazedly. "What's this

game? I've got to catch that train!" The guard was waving his flag. A row between two schoolboys was no reason for delaying the train, in the guard's opinion. He jumped in as the train moved.

Goby scrambled up.

"I-I-" he spluttered. He made a rush for the train, and Montmorency grasped him by the shoulder and jerked him back.

"Too late!" he said curtly. "You confounded cheeky cad--" The train ran on out of the station, and Goby, with a flushed face and Goby." clenched fists, stood facing Montmorency on the platform.

## The 3rd Chapter. A Surprise for Master Goby!

Montmorency breathed hard. He had taken the only possible! measure to delay Goby's arrival at Rookwood-to prevent his meeting with the crowd of Rookwooders who would be waiting at Coombe.

would be a dozen, at least, of the Fourth there to meet Goby, as well as Tommy Dodd. As soon as Goby met them he would learn how matters

That had to be prevented at any cost, and Montmorency had prewented it. But he had not exactly placated Goby by the method he had cepting Dodd, and him only by

Young Goby was in a rage, which was natural enough in the circum-

stances. "You-you cheeky cad!" he stuttered. "What the thump do you mean by it? Are you off your silly dot, Huggins?"

"It's all right!" muttered Montmorency.

"I've lost my - train!" hooted Goby

"I can run you across to Rookwood quickly enough in the car." "The car?" growled Goby. "I don't want a run in a hired car with a-a-----

He broke off.

Montmorency crimsoned. "It's my uncle's car," he said quietly. "He sends it down sometimes on a half-holiday for me to

"Oh, my hat!" said Goby. "You'll find it comfortable--" "My baggage is in that train-"

(Continued from previous page.)

"It's labelled for Rookwood. It'll be put out at Coombe all right."

"I dare say it will. I'll wait here

"Come in the car-" He glanced along the train. The had about enough of this, George. can I?" passengers were almost all in, and the I don't want to hurt your feelings, guaru was getting ready to see the and all that, but you know jolly well silly game you play, so long as you train off. He had only moments now. I that I can't run about in a car with | don't drag me into it. I'll make it a "Jump in, kid, and tell us all about | you. What the thump would the

lips quivered. "But you've driven ance. I couldn't stand that."

"Will you let me run you across to | Goby glanced along the platform, | Rookwood, instead of taking the and moved away to a seat evidently determined to wait for the next train. Montmorency followed him, and sat

"I must speak to you," he said.

next train!" grunted Goby. "You may have guessed from my tell you," muttered Montmorency. | clothes that I'm at school now," said |

"I suppose so."

Rookwood." Goby jumped. "You-at Rookwood!" he ejacu-

"Yes."

"Good gad!"

Goby stared at the dandy of Rookwood blankly.

"Are you joking?" he asked at

"Not at all," said Montmorency. "I'm in the Classical Fourth at Rookwood."

"Thank goodness I'm going on the Modern side, then!" said Goby. "But I can hardly believe it. If you're not pulling my leg-"

He paused. "Well, after all, why shouldn't you be at Rookwood if your people can afford it?" he added, more kindly. "We live in dashed democratic times, and no mistake. I shouldn't wonder if your people can afford it more than mine can," he went on, with a grin. "I know the pater had to screw a bit for the fees, and I dare say your rich uncle rolls 'em out without missing the money."

"He does." "Lucky for you!" said Goby.

"My uncle changed his name by deed-poll," said Montmorency. "The same with me. My name is Montmorency now."

"Good gad!" "Quite legally, of course."

"Oh, of course!" said Goby sarcastically.

"I haven't mentioned my earlier life at Rookwood." went on Montmorency, in a low voice. "Something has got out, but nobody knows. I-I want you to keep it dark,

"Don't call me Goby!" said the "Bother Peele and Co.," said new junior sharply. "I don't like it Tommy Dodd crossly. "I'm thinkfrom you, George. You know it's ing of myself. As he hasn't come,

not right." Rookwood fellow now, and we're on

an equal footing at Rookwood?" "Good gad!" said Goby again. It seemed to take him some

minutes to digest that. "Well, after all, we needn't meet,"

he said at last. "We're on different Montmorency knew that there sides of the school luckily, though we shall be in the same Form. You keep out of my way, and I'll keep out of yours."

"There's a crowd of fellows anxious to see you--"

Goby stared. "Blessed if I know why," he said. "I know nobody at Rookwood, ex-

"They've heard something about me and-and Goby Hall, and they want to get the facts from you." "Oh, I see."

"It won't do you any good to give me away," muttered Montmorency. "I-I want you to keep it all dark, Goby whistled.

"So that's why you lugged me out of the train?" he said. "That's why."

"Like your confounded cheek, I

"Will you do the decent thing, Goby?" said Montmorency. "If the fellows ask you whether you know me, as they will, simply say you don't. That will see you through." "How the thump can I say I don't know you, when I know you well?"

demanded Goby. "You can say so." "Do you mean that I can tell lies,

and keep on telling lies all the time

I'm at Rookwood? I couldn't do it tion had gone. He realised that it even if I wanted to. I should for- was rather lucky that Goby had failed get, and let the cat out of the bag | to arrive, after all. As for meeting some time."

Montmorency compressed his lips. on Goby. "You oughtn't to have borrowed a name that doesn't belong to you. That's where the trouble comes in. If a fellow asks me plainly whether your name's Huggins, "Look here," said Goby, "I've can't say it isn't when I know it is,

"But it's no business of mine what point to say nothing at all about you if I can help it. Only keep your dis-Goby. "That is, if you've time to lie added, as Montmorency's sensitive | tance, and don't claim my acquaint-

> "But--" "You won't come?"
>
> "I can't."
>
> "That's all," said Goby. "It's all I can do, and more than you've a right to expect, by Jove! Now I'll be obliged if you'll sheer off, George, and leave me alone."

> > "But-" persisted Montmorency. Goby rose deliberately, and walked along the platform. Evidently he had had enough of "Gentleman George."

Montmorency looked after him bitterly. But he was feeling a sense of relief. He had hardly dared to expect so much as Goby was willing to grant. Only too well he realised that, in Goby's place, he would have been "You didn't guess that I was at | mocking, supercilious, scornful; that he would have taken a pleasure in "setting down" a pretentious upstart. Goby, at least, had not served him as he would have served Goby. had the cases been reversed. That was something for the pretender to be thankful for.

He quitted the station, and returned to the car. Again envious glances were turned upon the welldressed lad in the expensive car, as the Rolls-Royce glided away. But black misery was riding with the favourite of fortune.

### The 4th Chapter. The Blow Falls!

"Man in!" called out Jimmy Silver. "Hallo, Tommy!"

not in a good temper. "How's it going?" he asked.

"Bagshot all down for fifty," said Jimmy Silver, "and little us six down for 42, so far. Get along, Lovell."

Tommy Dodd brightened up. "Then you can still put me in!" he exclaimed. "What about Goby?"

"Bless Goby! Bother Goby! Hang Goby!" exclaimed Tommy Dodd explosively. "I've hiked down to the station for Goby—and a dozen other fellows, too-and he never came. I waited for the 3.15—and he wasn't in it! Missed the train at the junction, I suppose, the silly owl. I to play cricket. "It's all right, Goby. And after I'd cut a cricket match for him!"

indignation.

"Rather a disappointment for "Thanks awfully," said Goby. Peele and Co.," grinned Raby.

that lets me out; I sha'n't have to "Don't you understand that I'm a | peddle him round Rookwood all the afternoon."

"What about the next train-" "Blow the next train!" said trains, while you chaps are playing cricket. Can't you put me in, Jimmy?"

Jimmy nodded, with a smile. "You shall be next man in, old top," he answered: "and jolly glad

to have you. I'll tell Grace he won't be wanted after all. I'll just speak to Pankley of Bagshot--" Montmorency did not even glance Tommy Dodd had been greatly at the fat Classical. exasperated by Goby's failure to "Plenty of nerve, anyhow!" mur-

arrive by the 3.15, after he had mured Lovell. went in to bat, his exaspera- Cuthbert Montmorency.

the next train, Tommy didn't consider that incumbent on him at all. "I don't want to harm you," went | silly ass who missed one train might miss another-and, anyhow, the fellow could get to Rookwood on his own, unless he was a born idiot.

So Tommy Dodd played cricket with great satisfaction, and helped to beat Bagshot by a narrow margin of

Peele and Co. were not so satisfied. Goby, and they had had a walk down to Coombe for nothing. They did not feel inclined for another walk to the station, so they hung idly about the cricket field, watching the match without much interest, and waiting for the new junior to happen in.

"There's Monty!" muttered Peele, as the alert figure of Cecil Cuthbert was seen in the distance, strolling gracefully towards the School House. "He's been out in his thumpin' car-"

"Towny and Toppy have been lookin' pretty black about it!" grinned Gower. "Monty left them out this time."

"Hallo, this blessed game is over!" yawned Lattrey. Jimmy Silver and Co. came off the cricket ground in great spirits. Jimmy Silver. Bagshot departed beaten, in their brake. And then it occurred to Tommy Dodd that he had forgotten all about the new fellow whom his father had recommended so specially

to his care. He called out to Peele and Co. "You fellows seen anything of the

new kid?" "He hasn't blown in yet," answered Peele.

"Bother him!" growled Tommy "Hallo, here's the station cab,

Doddy," called out Jimmy Silver. "That'll be the ass!" said Tommy. The cab rolled on up the drive to the School House, and Tommy Dodd hurried after it. So did a dozen other fellows-and the Fistical Four followed; not because they were curious Tommy Dodd came on the cricket- to see Goby, but because it was their field with a knit brow. Tommy was | way indoors. A plump, ruddy-faced

youth stepped out of the cab: Tommy Dodd hurried up to him.

"Goby?" he asked. "That's my name," answered the plump youth.

"I'm Dodd!" "Glad to meet you," said Goby, shaking hands with the Modern

junior. "I lost my train-"I was at the station for you!"

grunted Tommy Dodd. "Sorry. It really wasn't my fault. A fellow-" Goby paused. "I'm sorry. It really couldn't be helped." "Oh, all serene," said Tommy Dodd, remembering that Goby's failure to arrive had enabled him My pater's written to me about you, you know. I'm going to look after And Tommy Dodd snorted with you a bit. This way in. You're

under my wing now." "Here, hold on, we want to speak | the most substantial falsehoods could

to Goby!" exclaimed Peele. "Yes, rather!"
"I say, Goby—"

"Oh, rot!" said Tommy Dodd gruffly. And he marched Goby into the house, leaving Peele and Co. wrathful and disappointed.

Jimmy Silver and his chums came Tommy Dodd. "I'm not hanging in, and they noted that Cecil Cutharound railway stations for next | bert Montmorency was lounging gracefully about the hall. He was as calm as ever, and seemed quite undisturbed by the arrival of Goby. The Fistical Four could not help eyeing him curiously.

"I sav. Montmorency, Goby's come!" Tubby Muffin howled across the hall.

so dutifully met that train to Goby, as he accompanied Tommy oblige his pater. But when he Dodd passed within six feet of Cecil

# RESULT OF PICTURE COMPETITION No. 4.

In this competition two competitors ! sent in a correct solution of the pictures, and the FIRST PRIZE of £5 has therefore been divided between them as follows:

B. PECK. 111, Ranelagh Road, Felixstowe. Miss VIDA LOVE.

20, New Buildings,

Enmore Green, Shaftesbury. NINETEEN COMPETITORS each sent a solution with one error, and the value of the three hampers (£3) and the eight prizes of 5/- each have been added together and divided among them, as

follows: Stanley Love, 20, New Buildings, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury; Leonard F. Shipley, 7, Knight Street, Welling-

Felixstowe: Miss B. Miller, 2, Wellingborough Road, Finedon; Fred Love, 20, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury: Ernest Brain, 47, Dove Street, Kingsdown, Bristol; L. Bromfield. Rosebery Road, Felixstowe: H. Wedgbury, 56, Market Road, Nantyglo. Mon; William Fullarton, 1, Adam Street. Gourock; Percy Brain, 47, Dove Street, Kingsdown, Bristol: H. C. Love. 20, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury: G. Field, Melancthon, Rosebery Road, Felixstowe: James Edwards, 64, Tutnals, Lydney, Glos: Fred Brooks. 16, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, E.; Ivan Bromfield, Rosebery Road, Felixstowe: C. E. Love. 20, Enmore Green, Shaftesbury: G. C. Urie. 2, Green Street, Ibrox, Glasgow: Bernard Wallis, 14. Egerton Road, Bishopston, Bristol; Mrs. C. Love, 20, Enmore Green Shaftesbury. The correct solution is as follows:

1. Aintree. 2. Lowestoft. 3. Letterston. borough; J. Peck, 111, Ranelagh Road, I 4. Blackwell. 5. Dailly. 6. Brixton.

He looked at him, and Montmorency returned his glance with perfect calmness, though a steely look crept into his eyes.

The upstart certainly had plenty of nerve; for not a muscle quivered in his face as he met Goby's eyes, though there was the sickness of fear and almost despair in his heart.

A crowd of juniors looked on, almost breathlessly.

The two-Sir Gilbert Goby's son, and Sir Gilbert's former servanthad met face to face, sooner than was They wanted very badly to meet expected. It was the hour for reve-

> Montmorency's face betrayed nothing. He knew that a word was enough to shatter for ever his edifice of deceit—and he was calm, with a hardy, desperate calmness.

> Goby coloured uncomfortably. Probably, in his heart, he pitied the wretched pretender, who was so helplessly at his mercy; certainly, he had no desire to injure him. He only wanted to have nothing to do with

"Come on!" said Tommy Dodd.

"This way." "Hold on!" howled Peele. "Goby -I say, Goby--" He caught the new junior by the sleeve. "Goby, do you know that chap?"

"Shut up, Peele!" exclaimed "Rats!" retorted Peele. "I suppose there's no harm in Goby sayin' whether he knows Montmorency or

"Speak up, kid!" exclaimed. Gower.

Goby hesitated. He was uncomfortable under the stare of so many eyes, and he scarcely knew what to

say. He stammered. "He knows him!" exclaimed Peele triumphantly. "Isn't that the fellow who washed dishes in your

father's kitchen, Goby?" "I-I-" stammered Goby. "Peele, you cad!" muttered Jimmy Silver. But Cyril Peele did

not heed. He jerked Goby's arm. "Can't you answer? You know

"I don't know anybody named Montmorency!" stammered Goby at

"Ha, ha, ha! But you know somebody named Huggins?" "Oh, let a chap alone!" exclaimed Goby irritably. "Haven't I got to

see the Head, Dodd?" "Yes: this way."

"Hold on-" Goby jerked his arm away from Peele, and hurried on with Tommy Dodd. Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency wedged his eyeglass into his eye, and looked round him with a haughty

Grinning faces met him on all sides. Townsend and Topham, his nutty chums, met his eyes, and dropped

their own. Montmorency understood. Goby had done his best, in his slow way; he had not wanted to betray the wretched impostor. But he would not tell direct falsehoods; and only

have saved Montmorency. "Decent sort of an ass," Lovell murmured to Jimmy. Silver. "He knows, but he don't want to give the

chap away."

Jimmy Silver nodded. Montmorency's stare was haugthy -his well-cut lip curled. But a pallor as of death had crept into his facethe bitterness almost of death was in his heart. He turned, and walked away with his head high—and a low ripple of laughter followed him. Jimmy Silver and Co. went on to their study, with thoughtful facesin spite of their dislike of the snob of Rookwood, they could not help feeling something like compassion for him. Peele and Co. were left triumphant, chuckling and gleeful. They had scored at last over the upstart who had disdained them.

In Study No. 5, with the door locked, Cecil Cuthbert Montmorency paced to and fro, tirelessly, incessantly; forgetful of prep, forgetful of everything but the blow that had fallen. What had only been rumoured and suspected before, was known now-known as well as if Goby had spoken out and told the whole taleall the Lower School at Rookwood knew that the dandy of the school, the snob who had wounded the feelings of so many with his uppish and supercilious manners, was the servant who had washed dishes in the kitchen of Goby Hall. The edifice of deceit, and pretence, and snobbish pride, had crashed at last! And the snob of Rookwood, like Cain of old felt that his punishment was greater than he could hear.

(" Exit Gentleman George!" is the title of the long, complete Rookwood School story in next Monday's Boys' FRIEND. Order your copy NOW!)